



"The rain is over," Gay said. "Nice weather tomorrow."

Kate looked out through the screening. The yellow glow of lamp-light blurred her vision. She placed the lamp on the table and returned to stand beside Gay. Moonlight lay on the clearing in front of the cabin, marked the path sloping down a gentle grade to the edge of the lake. Beyond, the water stretched silver-gray, motionless, barely distinguishable from the land.

"I'm going to like this place," she said, breaking the silence.

"Of course you are," Gay's voice was hushed, as though the serenity of the scene before her had stilled her excitement. "I've never liked any place I've ever been as well."

Kate did not question her sincerity. It was curious, though, she reflected. She would not have supposed that Gay would find pleasure in the silence of the woods. Gay, she had thought, loved gaiety, lights, the theater, supper-clubs, dancing, moving from one scene of festivity to another with her smart young intimates. Her visits at "Dunedin," her brief stays at her father's town house, were quite obviously motivated by duty and en-

dured with boredom. She had given every indication of preferring to be with her mother and step-father on Long Island, at their apartment in the city, in Florida or Bermuda, now that cut dividends and deflated values had closed to them the playgrounds of Europe. She, Kate, had scarcely seen the child since her engagement had been announced at "Dunedin" late in June until three days ago when she had turned up there and had proposed this trip to Maine.

What had happened the summer she'd spent here to make so lasting an impression upon Gay? Why, after six years, should she have wanted to return just at this time? Kate's thought continued as Gay, standing beside her, remained silent. She spoke frequently, and with affection, of Dr. Lawrence whom she called "Uncle John," her god-father, her father's life-long friend, who had, at his death, left the cabin to her. Kate remembered him very well. He'd had a brilliant mind and great charm of manner. She knew that Gay's father had not understood why his friend should have been content to remain the Dean of a small college in his native state of Maine when wider and more remunerative opportunities were constantly being offered him. That was explained at his death. Dr. Lawrence had had a serious heart condition which had restricted his activities.

"It's the harvest moon, isn't it?" Gay stirred with a rousing motion at Kate's side.

"About half of it," Kate replied. "It should be full toward the end of the week."

"I hadn't counted on that," Gay laughed and slipped her arm companionably through Kate's arm. "I wasn't thinking of moons. It's nice when the sun shines, too."

"I'm sure it is," Kate said. "Feeling as cool as I feel now was worth the trip."

"I thought you'd like it. You understand now, don't you, why I wanted to come?"

Kate was silent for a moment. Then, "Not entirely," she said.

She knew that the meaning behind the words was perfectly clear to Gay. The brief intimacy was shattered. Gay withdrew her arm. She was not resentful now, though, as she had been when Kate had first questioned her motives.

"Come along," she said, laughing, that shaken note of excitement

trembling in her voice. "We have things to do. There are stones we have left unturned."

Gay walked directly to a closed door in the wall opposite the kitchen at the far end of the room.

"This is the master-bedroom," she said and opened the door.

Kate followed her into the room. It was considerably larger than the room off the kitchen and more comfortably furnished. The lamplight, bright where she stood, fading into shadows at the rim of the cone of light, disclosed a built-in bed at each end of the room. The mattress of one was covered with newspapers and upon it lay paper-wrapped bundles which might contain bedding. The other, beneath windows which overlooked the porch, was obviously prepared for use. Between the windows in the side wall on a square of scenic linoleum stood a small stove with a length of jointed pipe.

"That looks familiar," Kate said. "It's called a chunk-stove, in case you're interested. There's one in the rectory study at home."

Gay gave no evidence of being interested in the stove. She stood looking down at the top of a low chest of drawers. Kate approached with the lamp.

"He shaves," she said, making note of a razor-case, a shaving brush, a wooden soap-bowl. "Do you suppose he dresses for dinner?"

Gay ignored the question. She turned the brushes arranged with precision on the pine top of the chest. There were no monograms. "There's the closet," Kate suggested.

Gay turned from the mirror, walked quickly halfway across the room and opened a door. Kate, following, tipped the shade of the lamp so that the light shone directly into the closet. A brown tweed suit, a top-coat, two pairs of khaki trousers, tan pajamas striped in wine-color, a wool dressing-gown which had seen service, a dark sweater with a letter stitched to the heavy ribbing, hung in a row from the hooks. A tan felt hat rested where it had been flung on the shelf above, and on the floor below a pair of brown oxfords stood beside brown leather moccasins laced with thongs. Nothing here, surely, Kate thought, and was about to voice the thought in words.

A sound held her silent, a quickly drawn breath audibly and slowly exhaled. Gay's hand touched the sweater. As Kate watched, her forefinger tipped with an almond-pink nail traced the letter stitched to the ribbing.

She turned after a moment.

"A completely anonymous person," she said and closed the door.

But Kate was not deceived. The gesture of the finger with the pink-tipped nail had been very revealing. If she had not known before, Kate thought, again both concerned and amused, Gay knew now, at least, who was here.

Continued Next Week

EFFIE ALBERTA FLYE

Effie Alberta Flye, late of Metzger, Oregon died May 7. She was mother of Arthur H. Flye of Portland, Leslie H. Flye of Multnomah and Robert W. Flye of W. Kelso, Wash., sister of Edward B. Truworthy, Butte, Mont., Miss Winifred Truworthy, Portsmouth, N. H.; M. s. Blanch M. Hill and Miss Jessie M. Truworthy of Tilton, N. H.; Miss Helen F. Tru-

worthy of La Guna Beach, Cal.; Miss Jeanette Truworthy of Seattle. Funeral services were held Friday. Commitment Crescent Grove cemetery.

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10. TRANSMISSION and DIFFERENTIAL: Inspect level and condition of lubricant.
11. CHASSIS and SPRINGS: Inspect for need of lubrication.
12. TIRES and VALVES: Inspect and remove all foreign material.
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